

# DOCTOR • WHO

## THE MONSTER UPSTAIRS

PART ONE

Earth, England...

Tonight.

This is 33 Venture Drive, home of the Hopley family...

This is *John* and *Melissa* Hopley, with their daughter *Violet*.

Violet's doing her *homework* and looking forward to her *10<sup>th</sup> birthday* next week.

Dad - how d'you spell "*utopia*"?

Like it *sounds*.

Violet, do me a *favour*, love - pop upstairs and fetch my magazine. The new one, with *Johnny Depp* on the cover.

Oh, but *Mum*...

Never mind, "Oh, but *Mum*..."!

But I'm *scared*...

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE  
Art JOHN ROSS  
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK  
Letters PAUL VYSE



Now, now, Violet.  
That's enough of *that*!  
There's *nothing* to be  
scared of. Go up and  
get your Mum's mag,  
there's a *good girl*.  
And say hi to Johnny  
Depp for me while  
you're at it.

But you don't  
*understand*.  
I'm *scared* to  
go upstairs.

Come on, Vi...  
You're nearly *ten*! Bit  
old to be frightened of  
the *bogeyman* now.

But you don't  
know what's *up*  
*there*! You don't  
know about the  
*monster*...!

I know you  
don't *believe* in  
monsters - but  
it's *there* all the  
same...

*Rubbish* - you keep  
telling us about  
the monster. But  
I've never seen it  
and neither's your  
Mum... You've got  
an *overactive*  
*imagination*, that's  
your trouble. Too  
much *telly*!

**Knock!**  
**Knock!**

**Knock!**  
**Knock!**  
**Knock!**

- hurry?  
*Oor!*  
Steady on!  
What the...?

All right, all  
right, I'm coming.  
What's the -

'Scuse me!  
Coming through!  
*Emergency!*  
Honestly, it *is*  
important!

**CRASH!**





John, what on Earth's going on?

I'm the *Doctor* - I've been tracking the energy signature of a *rogue Extron parasite*...

... and right now it's *upstairs* in your house!

I've no idea!



What are you *talking* about? We never *called* for any doctor... !



And upstairs...

Hello! What's *your* name, then?

Violet...



Actually, I was talking to *that*.

But Violet's a *lovely name*. Great colour, too, one of my favourites. You can call me the Doctor.

*Stand away* from the human child! I must have a clear *transference field*!



Violet, meet the *Extron* - one big bundle of *fizzy alien anger* trying to lock on to your *human energy pattern*.

*Help!*





Do not *interfere*!  
I must achieve  
*full gene*  
*transmutation*!



What the devil's  
going on up here!?  
What d'you think  
- oh my word!

Some sort of...  
monster!

John - what...  
what is that  
thing?



I told you! I told  
you there was a  
monster upstairs!

Yes, yes, you're  
right, Vi... I'm  
so sorry...



What is that  
thing?

An alien parasite  
- it transmutates to  
survive, combining  
with an intelligent,  
living mammal...

... usually  
an infant.





That's my daughter you're talking about!

Yes, I know. The transmutation is *easier* if the prey is *very young*. The Extron homes in on a *suitable target* and simply teleports in...



It's been trying to *break through* here for some time, gaining strength, precisely positioning itself for the *transmutation*.



But where has it come from?

Another *galaxy*, originally. This particular chap is an *escaped prisoner*, on the run from the galactic penal institute of *Inkarsera*.

You mean it's not just a *space alien* - but a *criminal* as well?



Move aside! I must transmute *immediately*!

Sorry - this is the *end of the line* for you, Extron. I'm taking you *back* to Inkarsera - *tonight*!



I think *not*! You do not have the *authority*! Where is your *biometric tag*?

Ah - erm... in my other jacket?

As I *thought*! You are *powerless*! Now *move aside*!



